

Whalesong

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In this issue...

Mean People Suck	page 2
Letters to the Editor	page 2
FYI	page 3
Moving mountains	page 5
VIP's talk	page 5
Chris and Ryan	page 6
Tip the freezing man	page 7
Managing plastic	page 7
Classifieds	page 8

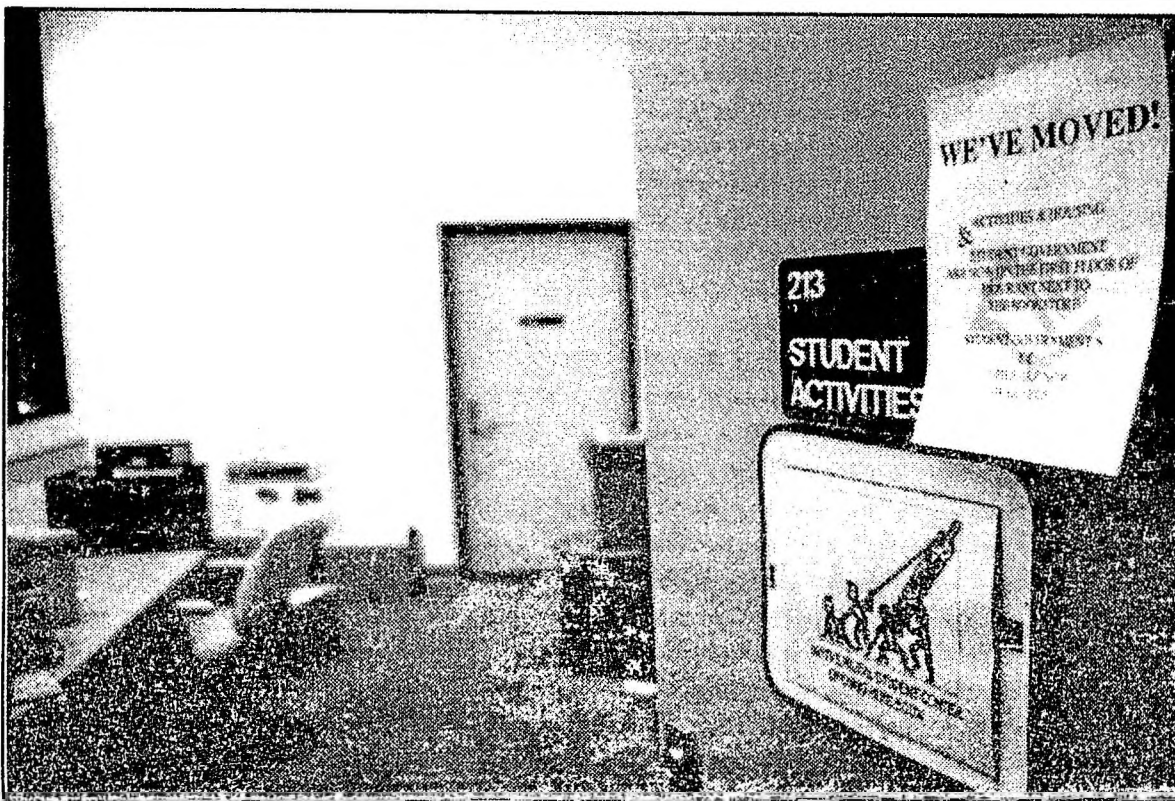
Students feel their input irrelevant

New Native and Rural Student Center leaves some upset

By Crystal Huskey
Whalesong Reporter

The new Native and Rural Students Center, located in the room previously occupied by student activities in the Novatney Building, will soon be open to students. However, this new room has caused mixed feelings between administration and students at the University.

Several students, such as Gwen Lloyd, are extremely upset about this new addition. Lloyd said, "I do hope that the room is a success, however, I'm upset about the name of the room and the process in which the room was created." According to Lloyd, the Maurant Remodeling Committee, which she was a member of, decided that a multicultural room should be included in the Maurant remodel. Lloyd said that the committee had decided on a multicultural room because that is the only way in which all students would feel welcome and it would not lead to the segregation of students based on their cultures. However, due to space problems, the multicultural room was dropped from the Maurant Building Remodel. Woch Ee then approached Bruce Gifford, director of student services, about getting a room for Native and Rural students in



The new Native and Rural Students Center, located in Student Activities and Housing's old office space has become a source of controversy.

the Novatney Building.

Lloyd thinks that by agreeing to let Woch Ee have the room set a very dangerous precedent. "As a student, they asked for my voice and when they got it, they

ignored it," she said. Lloyd commented that if students came to an agreement to have a multicultural room as opposed to having a room that only represents one culture, then the administration shouldn't overlook that

decision.

Gifford commented on this issue by saying, "Native students felt their purpose, which is to give Native and Rural students a place to gather to celebrate their culture and get academic support, wouldn't be served in a multicultural room." Gifford also stated that both the Fairbanks and Anchorage campuses have a Native and Rural Students branch. Woch Ee is the only group that has ever mentioned wanting a room for their group to the administration.

According to Gifford, one main purpose for granting the request for the room is because the university is trying to retain a higher number of Native and Rural students until graduation. Another reason for placing the room in this location is because it is located directly across from the room for foreign and international students as well as those students who are doing internships. This room, run by Elizabeth Shelle who is the assistant director of academic exchanges and internships, is a place for foreign and international students as well as intern students to go to get academic advising, and a place for them to get acquainted with the university.

The new room, which will be ran by

continued on page 5

Students travel to Bald Eagle Festival

Gathering of 4,000 birds is a world-class wildlife experience

By Chris Eckelberger
Special to the Whalesong

Just wait till we get our Haines on you! While most people will recognize this catchy slogan from the popular underwear ads starring Michael "Air" Jordan, I'm referring to Haines, Alaska. Haines is home to one of the most spectacular places in all of the world. Approximately 25 miles up the road from Haines lies the Chilkat Bald Eagle Preserve. Due to an unusually late salmon run, Bald Eagles from as far as the Lower 48 make the trip to the Chilkat River Valley, hoping to get their fill. As many as 4,000 Bald Eagles will visit the area.

For two years now, Haines has been the host of the Alaska Bald Eagle Festival (ABEF). Held in mid-November in conjunction with the peak of winter's Bald Eagle gathering, the festival provides something for everyone. World-wide recognition was bestowed on Haines this year; internet declared the three-day "coolest place on the planet right now" ABEF is worthy of such a claim. you are a wildlife biologist or a

biology student, a bird enthusiast or simply an admirer, there was plenty there for you to do and see. Thanks to the generosity of the American Bald Eagle Foundation, and students and faculty at UAS, several students received a subsidy to help offset the costs of attending. I was one of those students, and as a way of saying "thank you" I made sure to not only get the most out of the experience, but also to share my experience with others with the hope that all of the positive attention given to the Bald Eagle would help to preserve it.

DAY ONE

Upon arriving in Haines on Friday afternoon, our group of 30 made our way to the middle school which we would call home for the next couple of days. Unable to move in until after basketball practice, we went through the process of registering and planning our itinerary. The next two hours were spent exploring the various art galleries and shops in the quaint downtown

continued on page 3

Two semesters for math

Student presents Dean with proposal for pilot program

By Ernestine Hayes
Whalesong Reporter

A proposal for a pilot math course extending over two semesters has been submitted to John Pugh, Dean of Faculty.

UAS student Gari Constantine sees a demand for such a program. He is spearheading an initiative to provide mathematically challenged students with Math 105 and Math 107 courses spread over two semesters rather than one semester. "The present pace of my Math 055 class prevents me from firmly retaining concepts from chapter to chapter," Constantine said. "I often take much time I should devote to other classes to keep up in Math 055, and still I do not feel I am developing the foundation I will need to do well in Math 105."

Dozens of students could benefit from a slower pace, Constantine added. He believes that many students would flock to extended course such as this if they were proposed. "The present model is failing a large number of challenged students," he said.

classes currently offered to an overloaded pickup truck. An extended approach, he said, would promote retention of material not only in math classes but also throughout life.

Dean Webb, Professor of Mathematics, is interested in student proposals, but he sees practical concerns. The appropriate body to consider a change must study it closely, he explained. Protecting the integrity of the curriculum is essential to the process. "We're always eager to consider student proposals," he said. "But it's a fairly involved process to make such a basic change."

Constantine is disappointed at the need for such a lengthy process. "I don't understand the need for a drawn-out study," he said. "It's obvious there's a real demand among the students. A pilot program would show how successful it could be." Constantine plans to gather signatures in support of his proposal to submit to the full assembly for their prompt consideration. Those wishing to know more may contact him by e-mail at JSGR.

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Editor's Corner

"Mean People Suck"



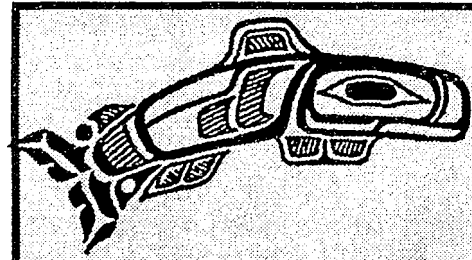
Annette Nelson-Wright
Whalesong Editor

Mean People Suck"—Most of us have seen this bumper sticker, and generally I think the majority of people agree with this statement. Recently, however, I realized this sentiment is lost on those who are most in need of it: mean people. It was a Friday evening and I was working late at the newly relocated Whalesong office, (which is what I like to do best on Friday evenings), and I was approached by a man from Physical Plant. (I will refer to this first individual I encountered as "The Nice Man".) So the Nice Man says, "We're going to be doing something here that is going to make your working here very unpleasant, how long are you going to be here?" I told him that I'd planned on being in the office as long as my sanity would hold out, and was there any way he could do his project tomorrow? (Had I been advised of this project needing to be done I could have tried to make other arrangements, but as I didn't have any prior notification, I didn't pursue alternative arrangements.) So, being nice, (hence the name "The Nice Man"), he said, "No problem, I'll do it tomorrow. Are you going to be here?" Okay, so now I'm feeling like a toad because I'd planned to work all day Saturday on the Whalesong, (which is what I like to do best on Saturdays), and here this Nice Man is agreeing to put off his project until the next day so I can get some work done. Feeling like a schmuck, I say, "Well, I was planning to work from eight to five. When were you going to be here?" He then, (and

at this point he should be called the VERY Nice Man) said no problem, he'd complete his project after I left tomorrow. So I'm thinking, Wow! What a Very Nice Man. This is one of the advantages of attending a small school, everyone is so agreeable.

I'm working along when all of the sudden the door to the Whalesong office opens up and a man, (I will refer to the second individual I encountered from Physical Plant as "The Mean Man") spews forth the following: "We have to do this project tonight! I've already called 'The Big Cheese' and he said it had to be done, so you're just going to have to leave!" I barely had time to look up from the computer and acknowledge this malevolent presence before he was gone. He didn't even stick around long enough for me to respond. No courtesy whatsoever. The Mean Man just barged in, bellowed his bad-tempered diatribe and returned from whence he came. I have had two other dealings with the Mean Man in the past. One was worse than this one and the second was nearly as bad. Everyone has bad days, but this person is having a bad life and taking it out on those around him, namely me, and I'm sick of it. The first time I can overlook it, the second time, you're trying my patience, the third time? I don't think so. I'm 3 for 3 on exchanges with this individual. Why is this tolerated? Why isn't the Nice Man a supervisor? Just about everyone I come in contact with at UAS is friendly, helpful and cooperative.

continued on page 3



Whalesong

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The *Whalesong* editorial staff assumes no responsibility for the content of material written by non-staff members. The views and opinions contained in this paper in no way represent the University of Alaska and reflect only those of the author(s). The editorial staff is solely responsible for content.

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Letters to the Editor

The Whalesong encourages readers to voice their opinions. Send comments via e-mail to JYWHALE or drop off at the Whalesong office located downstairs in the Mowant Building.

Smokers not the anti-Christ

So there I am sitting in the cafeteria, the other day and I pick up a copy of the *Whalesong*. Now as I thumb through the pages of this paper something catches my eye. Yet another commentary on smoking. Now to tell you the truth I thought that this argument had fallen to the side but there before my eyes I see another Non-smoker complaining.

I have been smoking for several years and throughout these years I have been the victim of discrimination. I have been judged by the color of my lungs. I hate it when some non-smoker sees you inhale one drag and becomes an expert on all the damage you are doing to your body. They spew out facts how many minutes of your life you lose per cigarette. Then they inform you of all various diseases you are going to get.

There you are driving someone in your car, and when you start to smoke they proceeded to hack violently. Then they say "Don't you ever read those warning labels," they look at you as if you can't read and say, "Smoking causes this and smoking causes that, and smoking may complicate your pregnancy" and I always wanted to say "Bitching about my smoking may be hazardous to your health!" Then there are all the pranks such as stealing your cigarettes, where they take your pack and crush all of them. A couple of months ago I had even the lighter in the dash of my car thrown out the window. Then the vigilante wanted me to thank him for the great service he had done. The running-your-pack-under-water prank is another great one, but my personal favorite is the grab-the-cigarette-straight-from-your-mouth-and-yank. This is my favorite because half my lip usually goes with the cigarette.

--James M. Barrett



Letters to the Editor

The Whalesong encourages readers to voice their opinions. Send comments via e-mail to JYWHALE or drop off at the Whalesong office located downstairs in the Mowant Building.

Where do your priorities lie?

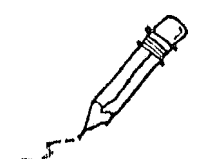
Need, this was the basis for deciding which students would be subsidized to go on the Haines trip which was recently organized by housing. However, some may argue that this was not the fairest way. How they actually decided who was in need is a mystery to those of us who were never asked. Perhaps the real question was "Where do your priorities lie?" Whereas some of us who wanted to go did without extras to save their money, others were subsidized.

After a lot of effort from a few individuals some money was raised. However not all this money was allocated. It was suggested that with the spare \$100 we might like to have a pizza party. It was only after a few students had spoken to the person involved with the donation of the money that they realized this was

not what it was intended for. Instead there is a rumor that the money will be put into a fund for next year. That is the money that was donated to this year's students.

Maybe the most important question is: Should Housing set up a trip that charges some students \$30 and some students \$50 for exactly the same experience? And perhaps some students should be informed: next time you see a box on the counter asking for donations to support a student to go to the Haines Bald Eagle Festival, you may really be making sure that a student has a good meal once they get there!

--Mirelle Allen-Wheeler



Haines...

continued from front page

district of Haines. The evening's events wouldn't begin until 7 p.m. that night. Haines sits in one of the most picturesque locations I've ever seen. On the shores of Lynn Canal and surrounded by glacially carved mountains on either side, the scenery is breathtaking. Much of Southeast Alaska is similar in appearance, but each place is blessed with its own unique beauty. Standing in a vacant lot while taking it all in, I got a glimpse of an eagle soaring high overhead. Little did I know that I would be standing only a few yards from dozens of the magnificent creatures over the next 48 hours.

That night the festival officially got underway with opening ceremonies featuring a welcoming introduction by the Haines Chamber of Commerce, brief speeches by some of founding visionaries of the Preserve and Festival, the music and dance of Chilkat Native Dancers, and a closing speech by former Alaska Governor Jay Hammond. While the auditorium was packed full with people, I didn't feel like a spectator. I was made to feel like part of the event, and that I could make a difference. Suddenly I realized that I wasn't there to observe; I was there to help. Just how I could help wouldn't be clear to me until the following day.

DAY TWO

Myself and a few others began the day with a visit to the American Bald Eagle Foundation. The U.S. Post Office was issuing an official festival cancellation stamp between 10a.m. and noon. We bought our postcards and headed over to the Foundation's headquarters. After receiving our official cancellations and checking out the life-size diorama at the Foundation, we decided to see if any of the board members were around. They were responsible for subsidizing some of the group as I mentioned earlier and we wanted to thank them. After inquiring at the desk, we were happy to learn that one of them was around. "Dave Olerud", the gentleman said as he greeted us from behind the counter. We explained to him who we were and thanked him and the others for their generosity. "But did you read the fine print?" he said. I nervously replied that I hadn't.

"Well", he said "there are a few things that we require of you". I immediately thought he was going to tell us about a 20-page research paper, or that we would have to give a presentation in front of a huge audience with really high expectations. What a sense of relief I felt when he explained to us our assignment. He told us that we would, as a result of coming here, experience a truly magnificent, once-in-a-lifetime event, and that our lives would never be the same again. This was the fine print. He spoke with such conviction and respect for the eagle and the land, that I was automatically converted. I knew that he was right, our lives would be forever changed. In addition to this, he asked that we sit down later with him and others to discuss what we have learned. As it turns out, The American Bald Eagle Foundation, UAS, and other concerned individuals are working on founding an institute at the Juneau campus to research the Bald Eagle. Dave Olerud was asking us to help. The feelings that I had experienced the previous night came rushing back to me. Here was my chance to help.

Our next stop was to be our most memorable. We boarded the bus bound for the Chilkat Bald Eagle Preserve. During the 40-minute ride our guide Tim provided us with a history of the area. We passed the site of a Native Alaskan village, their cemetery and fish camp. At each point of interest, Tim would fill us in

on the history and significance of the area. "Native Alaskan culture is not a thing of the past", he told us. "They are as much a part of the present as any of us".

The closer we came to the main spotting area of the preserve, the more dense the concentration of eagles became. When we pulled over at the turnout, we were surrounded by them. On every side, in every tree, you could find them. Some trees con-

telephoto capability on the camcorder I had rented, I spotted hundreds of eagles perched in the cottonwoods all along the valley. They were too far away to see any detail, but their sheer numbers were impressive. Up the road from where the bus was parked a decent size crowd had gathered. Several yards out on a sandbar a feeding frenzy was taking place. An eagle was perched on a salmon and would tear strips of meat off



Students pose at the American Bald Eagle Foundation with former Governor Jay Hammond (left to right): Angela Tharp, Dr. Dennis Russell, Chris Eckelberger, Ariel Snyder, Jay Hammond, Mary Clare Sarff, Sarah Robinson, Tyler Eddy, Autumn Lowrey, Jason Hartman, Angela Langiotti and Martin Lenk.

tained as many as 15 of the perching birds. The banks of the Chilkat River were covered with feeding eagles. There was a sense of being in another world. I had never experienced anything like this in my entire life. I had never been so close to nature in its most natural and unspoiled form as I was that day. The Bald Eagle is a joy to observe. Swooping down on one another, bickering at each other, or just soaring over the valley, they offer the onlooker a smorgasbord of actions and behaviors. I saw eagles feeding on salmon, eagle speckled in trees, eagles flying high overhead, eagles doing all sorts of things. The high powered scopes that the guides had set up allowed you to see every intimate detail of the amazing birds. Each feather in its place, the sharp and straight beak, the inch long talons, used for catching unsuspecting salmon. I feel like a fool trying to find words to describe such an indescribable bird. The English language is a totally insufficient means to communicate to other the beauty and awe that comes with seeing the Bald Eagle up close in its natural environment. I felt as small as a tiny speck of dust among such mythical birds.

The day ended with a presentation by the Alaska Raptor Rehabilitation Center (ARRC), a slide show by wildlife photographer John Hyde, and a medley from The Sound of Music which had recently been performed by the local theater group. In keeping with the spirit of the festival, each event that night added even more to the experience than I ever thought possible. I went to bed that night feeling very fortunate. I had witnessed something that only few have ever had the chance to see.

DAY THREE

This would be our last day in Haines. Not wanting to miss anything, I awoke early and ran to catch the bus for another trip into the preserve. In the morning eagles are more active. There were fewer perched in trees and many more in the air, clustered on the both sides of the river. Using the

little by little. It reminded me of eating beef jerky. The eagle would take a bit and pull, shake his head a little to free the stretchy licorice piece of meat, swallow it up, and begin again. Of course the nearby winged onlookers are hungry too, and one after the other swoop down on the feeding bird in attempt to scare it off. Once one eagle is full, the fish is up for grabs for another. This is known as displacement. Watching the eagles swoop down on one another feet first, talons outstretched, looking as intimidating as possible, is really exciting. The feeding eagle holds firm as long as possible, and not until the last possible moment will one make way for the other; sometimes the feeding bird flees, other times the swooping bird pulls up at the last second and returns to a nearby tree planning the next big attack. This seems to be the most popular place for photographers and others to gather. We all chatted with each other about the eagles as much as the eagles chatted with themselves. In this way we are similar: Bald Eagles appear to chat, argue, and gossip like us. Some have squabbles, others occasionally put their two cents in; in general they are talkative creatures. Standing in the middle of the turnout, I can hear their voices echoing from all sides. They sound off a cacophony of short chirps and warbles, a discordant mix; not like that of a songbird. And yet, as opposite of a songbird as they sound, it is music to my ears. Somehow all of their individual ramblings combine together with the rushing water, the whistle of the wind through the trees, and the snapping of branches overcome by the weight of their feathered load to form a symphony. It is the sound of pure and unsullied life.

The festival came to a close with a series of presentations and slide-shows. The announcement of a \$100,000.00 donation to begin the Jay Hammond Institute is met with applause and jubilation. An auction is held to raise money for the Foundation and the ARRC present a live animal show

featuring a Bald Eagle, Peregrine Falcon, and Barred Owl. Slide shows documenting the wildlife of the Yukon and Klane National Park round out the evening's events.

Back at the gym, everyone is discussing their impressions of the trip as we pack up our belongings. We play a few games of volleyball, eat dinner, pack up the vans, and head out to the ferry terminal. The four-hour journey home provides me with time to reflect on the past weekend's experiences. The Northern Lights have come out to say good-bye to us as we leave the town of Haines. I sat out on the back deck of the ferry counting my blessings. As we approach the Auke Bay ferry terminal and what is to be our final destination, my thoughts drop down out of the clouds and are reluctantly refocused on the common, everyday aspects of my life; class begins in just six hours.

As an Alaskan, there must be a sense of pride and accomplishment in knowing that you live in one of the most scenic and untouched places in the world. Yet, as I spent the weekend in Haines, I was continually being reminded of the all-too-real dangers that threaten the Bald Eagle's existence. The Lower 48 states were once brimming with eagles like Alaska, but the species was all but annihilated. They now find themselves in a desperate attempt to save the last few remaining birds, and in some areas trying to reinvent the wheel; bringing back the eagle in places where they have long since been gone. As an Idahoan, I had never seen a Bald Eagle until I came to Alaska. To think that Alaska could ignore the example so regrettably set by the rest of our country and allow the Bald Eagle—our nation's symbol—to perish in the aftermath of development, clear-cutting, and other environmental nuisances is disheartening. A handful of caring, thoughtful people are working diligently, day after day, to save the Bald Eagle from its worst enemy: us. I applaud their efforts. They are our everyday heroes. Being from Idaho, I cannot pretend to know or understand the issues faced by Alaskans regarding these majestic birds. I cannot pretend to know the solutions to the problems Alaskans face. But being from Idaho, where the Bald Eagle once flew and is now an anomaly, I know whereof I speak when I say that Alaskans are truly blessed to have something as precious as the Bald Eagle call Alaska their home. It is in all of our interests that the Bald Eagle be protected. We must all do our part. I will return to Idaho a better person because of my Alaskan experience. This is the intangible, unquantifiable, gift that places like the Chilkat Bald Eagle Preserve gives its visitors. This is what will be lost, if you don't, as Dave Olerud might say, "read the fine print."

Mean...

continued from page 2

Everyone except this one individual. Why is his attitude and the way he treats other people tolerated?

UAS is a small school and one of the things the majority of the faculty, staff and students prize is the atmosphere of cooperation and friendliness. The majority of people I come into contact with are courteous, polite and have a smile on their face. Except this one individual. What about a little common courtesy? Physical Plant: You can reward efforts like that of the Nice Man or allow the Mean Man's behavior to be the status quo. You have the opportunity to promote the Nice Guy, or the Mean Man. I vote for the Nice Guy, because Mean People Suck.

The mountains of Auke Lake

They might look peaceful but they're on the move

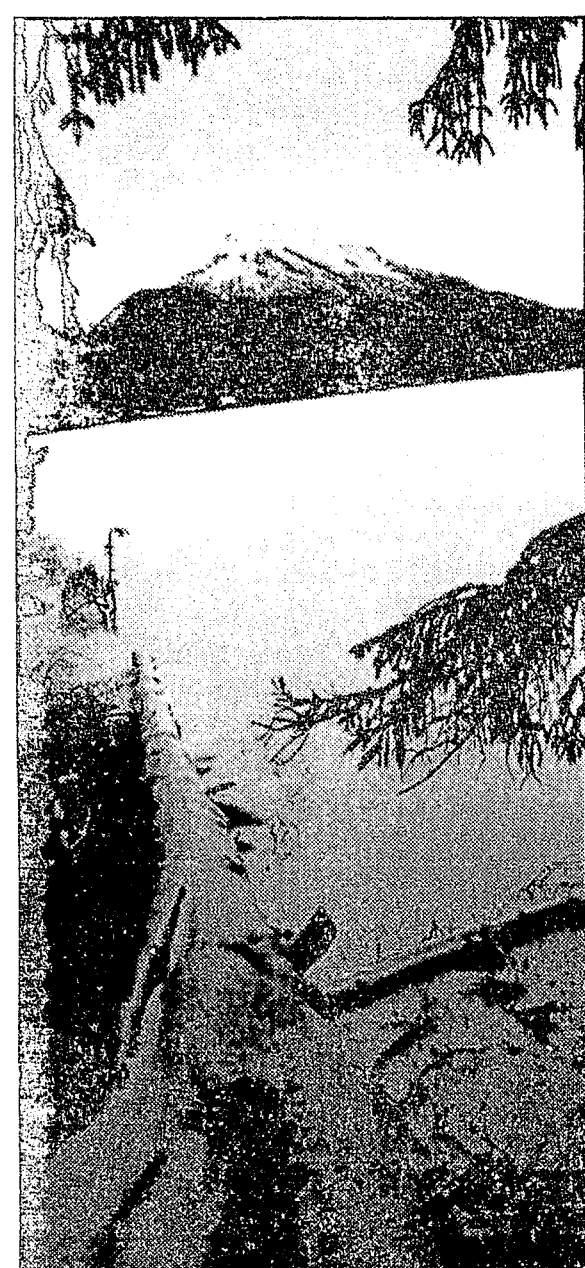


Photo by Dan Coleman
Mt. McGinnis stands guard over Auke Lake, its peak recently dusted with snow.

By Ernestine Hayes
Whalesong Reporter

There might be a package coming your way. The package of mountains that surrounds Auke Lake arrived here about 60 million years ago by a process called seafloor spreading. They may have been detached from a mass of rock originating off the coast of Mexico or Australia. It may have taken 120 million to 190 million years for the rocks to collide with ancient North America and become the mountain range that we see reflected in Auke Lake.

Mount Stroller White, on the west (or left) side of Mendenhall Glacier, is 5,150 ft. in elevation. It was named in 1931 after Elmer "Stroller" White, a Douglas and Juneau newspaperman originally from Ohio. Mount McGinnis, in front of Stroller White, is 4,228 ft. in elevation. Mount Bullard, on the right at 4,225 ft., was named for a mining engineer who came to the Klondike in 1897 from California and later moved to Juneau. All three are part of the Coast Mountains Range that extends about 1,000 miles, from Haines Junction in the Yukon to Vancouver in British Columbia.

The age of the rocks making up these mountains is identified by the fossil magnetism contained in them. They are made up of Permian through Triassic material, which dates them to about 180 million to 250 million years. This is the time when they cooled from the lava flow. The fossil magnetism is then frozen into the rock and

the rock becomes solid.

Cathy Connor, UAS professor of geology, says the glacier itself is the "new kid on the block." But the mountains are also very young, she says. "When crustal packages carrying the Taku terrain, probably with lots of earthquakes, attempted to return to the ocean floor trench and jammed, they became joined to the continent. A large intrusion of igneous rock injected from Skagway to B.C. seems to mark part of the crash zone."

When Connor looks at the mountains around Auke Lake, she detects their history.

"I see how young our coastline is. By contrast, the Appalachian Mountains were once taller than the Himalayas," she says.

In our terms it's slow, but in geologic terms, mountains are moving. Movement of some mountains on the west coast is about six or seven centimeters a year, about as fast as a fingernail grows, says Connor. "There may be future packages headed from somewhere sliding up the coast. Baja California, Northern California, L.A., the whole west coast might be a package coming our way."

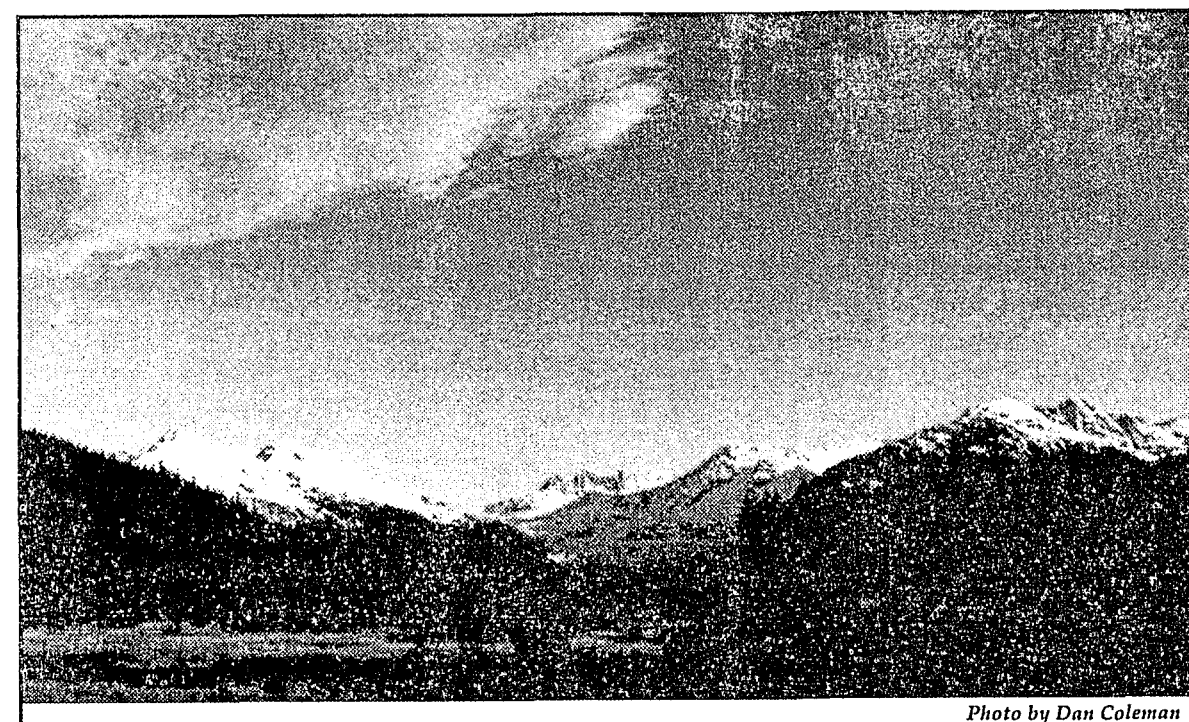
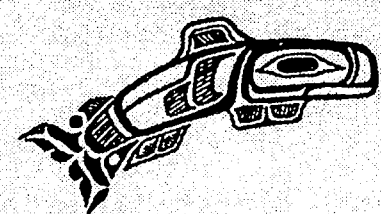


Photo by Dan Coleman
The mountains behind Mendenhall Glacier are estimated to be 180 to 250 million years old. They're moving at about 6 to 7 centimeters a year, about the pace your fingernail grows.

Are you looking for a little extra spending money?



Production Manager

Whalesong is looking for someone who is organized, has lots of time, and is dedicated to a working team environment. Creativity is a plus!

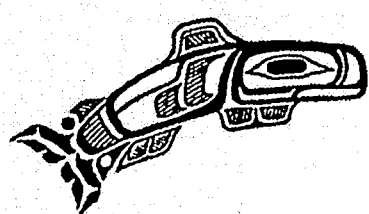
Major duties:

1. Oversee production schedule.
2. Handle production & layout.
3. Supervise proofreading & correct errors in final copy.
4. Produce camera-ready pages incorporating copy and photos.
5. Ensure timely distribution of Whalesong.

Salary:

\$500.00 stipend per semester, paid in bi-monthly installments.

If you want to learn layout and design skills, work with a staff of talented writers, and live in the fast lane call Kirk McAllister, our advisor, at 465-6263 NOW!



Advertising Manager

Whalesong is looking for someone who is organized, dedicated and wants to make some dough!

Major duties:

1. Generate advertising.
2. Assign ads to individual production pages.
3. Deliver camera-ready ads to the Production Manager prior to the beginning of newspaper production.
4. Perform bookkeeping duties for ad accounts. Turn in advertising invoices and receipts to Business Services for billing.
5. Coordinate design, layout and finances with Production Manager and Editor for each edition.
6. Arrange for any photos or graphics for ads.
7. Work with university administration in monthly advertising audit for rectifying accounts and ad space for determination of billings and commission.

Salary:

\$8.45 per hour for a maximum of 15 hours per period plus a bonus of 10% of the total advertising sales that exceed \$400.00 per published issue. Applicable bonus to be paid in two installments each semester.

If you want to get some real world experience in sales and marketing call Kirk McAllister, our advisor, at 465-6263 NOW! (It will look great on your resume!)

Wooch.Een luncheon welcomes VIP's

Local Native leaders lecture on history, stress importance of education

By Ernestine Hayes
Whalesong Reporter

Representatives of local Native organizations hosted a luncheon on Monday, Nov. 18 for the members of Wooch.Een, the Native students club. Hans Chester, who is of the Tlingit Silver Salmon clan and is Wooch.Een club president, welcomed Ed Thomas, president of Tlingit Haida Central Council, as the principal speaker. Also speaking were Edith McHenry from Sealaska Corporation, and Paul Young, Administrative Officer for the Southeast Alaska Regional Health Consortium (SEARHC).

Thomas, who is of the Tlingit Dog Salmon clan, presented a brief overview of the political history of the Native people of Southeast Alaska. The Alaska Native Brotherhood (A.N.B.) was formed in 1912 in response to the federal government's taking of the Glacier Bay, the traditional tribal lands of a powerful Tlingit clan. In 1924, the U.S. government granted citizenship to Alaska Natives, and in 1929 the A.N.B. decided to bring suit against the government for lands taken.

In 1935 the federal government granted the Native people of Southeast Alaska the right to bring suit. The congressional act recognized Tlingit Haida Council as the tribal entity entitled to do this.

Through the years since, Thomas explained, other corporations have been formed in response to other congressional acts and policies. During the 1940's and 1950's, assimilation and termination were the preferred policies with regard to Indian tribes. The 1970's saw the formation of corporations in the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act, which brought about Sealaska Corporation.

"The Alaska Native Brotherhood did one important thing for us. It focused on education as a very important tool for the next generation," Thomas emphasized. "The goals that I set for myself became more attainable with education."

Young, who is Tsimshian Killer Whale, agreed. His experience was during the "relocation" policy of the Bureau of

Indian Affairs, which for many years required Native people to obtain their education elsewhere in order to be eligible for funding. "Many years ago, education for Natives was not seen as very important in some Alaska communities," he said. "But it is a pleasure to see so many here supporting one another."

Young explained that SEARHC was begun in 1975 with just a few people in one location. It has now grown to an organization of over 700 employees throughout



Photo courtesy of Scott Foster
Ed Thomas, president of Tlingit Haida Central Council addressed the members of Wooch.Een on Nov. 18. Thomas stressed the need for education and role models.

Southeast Alaska. "At SEARHC we are reaching out to people who are going to school. We are identifying resources for people who want to enter the medical field," Young said. "We want to help each other."

McHenry, who is of the Tlingit Kaagwaantaan clan, said, "At Sealaska, we've come a long way. Twenty five years ago we had only a small handful of people who graduated from college. Through our scholarship and intern programs, we have been able to help people along through college and see them return to become a part of Sealaska." She described Sealaska's annual \$250,000 internship program and endowment fund, which are dedicated to helping Native students receive their education. "It's a tremendous opportunity to bring talented people into Sealaska."

Jamie Timothy, who is of the Tlingit Sockeye clan, is the youth representative to the executive council at Sealaska. She was glad for the opportunity to attend the luncheon and hear the speakers. "Our Native leaders are letting us know that they care about the student population and that they support us," Timothy said. "We know they'll be there for us in the future."

Thomas closed by saying, "We need more educated people in all the things we do. Native role models, Native communication styles, clan memberships, are all important part of what we want to do. UAS is a great place to attend, and the people here are a great part of the community. We want to help in any way can to support their endeavors."

FYI

Tired of the same old classes that you have to take to graduate? Before you register for "what-will-fill-your-requirements" try a "Special Topics" or "Issues in..." class. They'll fulfill requirements and they're different and interesting. Check out the following:

- ART 293: Sacred Spirals
- DN 293: Normal Nutrition (for nursing students)
- SOC 375: Sociology of Deviant Behavior
- PSY 375: Human Sexuality
- BA 493: Managing Health Care Organizations
- HED 193: Health Education

BA/SPC 293: Leadership Development
Check the Spring catalog for detailed listings.

You can win money if you enter the UAS essay contest for English 111 students. The deadline is noon, Dec. 13. Submit to Lisa Ward in ELAS, in the Sobeloff building. Call Lisa at 465-6405 or Judy at 465-6421 for more info.

January bus passes will be for sale at the Cashier by Dec. 18.

Donna Red Wing will present a workshop entitled "Fighting for Our Lives" Friday, Dec. 6 at 7pm at the Juneau Federal Bldg. Red Wing, a gay and lesbian rights

advocate fought against ballot measure 9, a proposition in Oregon that sought to deny civil rights to gays and lesbians. The workshop is co-sponsored by the Southeast Alaska Gay and Lesbian Alliance (SEAGLA) and Parents, Families and Friends of Lesbians and Gays. For more information call SEAGLA at 586-GAYS(4297)

DON'T miss the student artwork exhibited at the Davis Log Cabin during the Gallery Walk on Dec. 6. Student works in all media will be exhibited.

AND if that's not enough culture for you don't miss the student art show in the Egan Library Dec 11 through Dec. 14.

Input...

continued from front page

Patti Adkisson, is open to all students. Any student, regardless of their culture is allowed to use the room. However, many students say they don't feel welcome because of the name Native and Rural students. Also, many students are wondering if this means that now the university will allow for any group to get a room that represents their culture. Several students have commented that they would now like to see the university include a Spanish room, Irish room, Italian room, and every other culture represented on campus. Some students say they feel the university is supporting segregation by allowing the room to be called the Native and Rural Students Center.

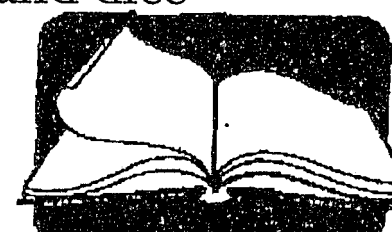
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Movie Reviews

Chris and Ryan duke it out over the latest flicks playing on the silver screen

Ransom

Ransom is the story of the kidnapping of Sean Mullen, son of Tom Mullen (Mel Gibson), an airline mogul. The kidnappers want \$2 million, but Tom eventually goes against the advice of the FBI and his wife (Rene Russo), and decides not to meet their demands. Instead, he puts the ransom money up as a bounty on the abductors heads.

RYAN: This is one of those movies that is well done, but not much fun to watch. It keeps you locked in for the entire thing. So, you have been warned; this is an intense experience. Don't go in thinking you are just going to casually watch a movie.

CHRIS: I'm not sure what Ransom means by this not being a fun movie to watch. It was fairly intense throughout, which in my opinion is a good thing and therefore enjoyable. With that said, I'll voice my objections. I was drawn in to a point, but found it kind of difficult at times to keep focused on the motivation of some of the characters. What I mean is that I wasn't really buying Gibson's character's decision not to pay up, and at times I felt the story lost quite a bit because it seemed the movie itself wasn't completely convinced as to why it was going the

direction it was going.

RYAN: I thought that Mels' motivation was clear and believable. He simply doesn't trust the kidnappers, I wouldn't either. I do want to congratulate the movie on doing what most of us wanted done 6 or 7 years ago: that is the shooting of Donny Wahlberg.

CHRIS: I'm gonna ignore that last comment. No one with Ryan's musical tastes should be knocking The New Kids on the Block.

Back to the issue: my gripe has nothing to do with trust, of course you're not supposed to trust the kidnappers.

The real issue is Mullen's rash decision not to pay. The only reason we, as the audience, see any sense in his choice is because we know, through the kidnappers eyes, that they've no intention of letting the kid live.

As for the character of Tom Mullen, the decision he makes in any kind of would never be the action of an actual parent. RYAN: I didn't want to get into this because it seems a moot point to debate, but since Chris insists, here goes. Tom Mullen is a business man and as such he knows about making deals. He also knows that no rational human being can deal, in good faith, with people who are, as he puts it, scum of the earth. He has

accepted that his son is in all probability lost to him, no matter what he does so, he goes for justice instead of pursuing a goal he knows he won't reach. I admire his courage. It wouldn't be an easy choice to make, but it is the right one.

CHRIS: Well, instead of beating a dead horse (so to speak) I'll drop this even though I know I'm right. Moving right along, I did enjoy this movie.

Mel Gibson, of course, did a good job, as did the rest of the cast (including Donny Wahlberg). The story had a few unique qualities, which is always good. If we were going with a star-rating system (God forbid) I'd give it 3 out of 4. I recommend it as a pretty intense and captivating film.

RYAN: Chris isn't right, but if he's giving up, as usual, I'll let it go too. As Chris said, the movie and the cast in general is splendid, choice, first rate, capital, tip top (pick your adjective).

Sleepers

Sleepers is based on the "true" story by Lorenzo Carcaterra. This is what happens when four boys from Hell's Kitchen almost kill a man in a childish prank. They are sent to the Wilkinson home for boys, where they are brutally beaten and sexually abused by four of the guards. Twelve years later they have an opportunity to enact their revenge.

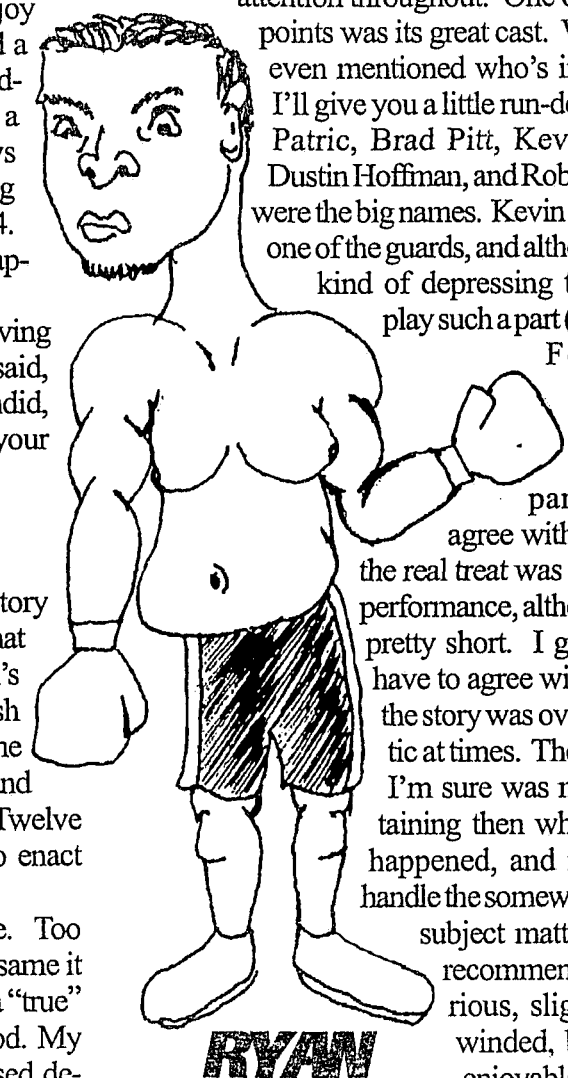
RYAN: This movie is a bit incredible. Too many things just fall into place. All the same it is a good movie and since it is based on a "true" story I'll believe it. The actors are all good. My favorite was Dustin Hoffman as a soused defense attorney. Much of the brutality of the Wilkinson time is disturbing. I never know what

to recommend in situations like this. However, there is enough in the rest of the movie to make it worth watching.

CHRIS: It definitely had some disturbing scenes. I thought it was really well done, though. They didn't get too graphic with the brutality, and although it was pretty damn long it kept your

attention throughout. One of the good points was its great cast. We haven't even mentioned who's in it yet, so I'll give you a little run-down: Jason Patric, Brad Pitt, Kevin Bacon, Dustin Hoffman, and Robert DeNiro were the big names. Kevin Bacon was one of the guards, and although it was kind of depressing to see him play such a part (being a big

Footloose fan), he definitely played the part well. I agree with Ryan that the real treat was Hoffman's performance, although it was pretty short. I guess I also have to agree with him that the story was overly fantastic at times. The end result I'm sure was more entertaining than what actually happened, and if you can handle the somewhat delicate subject matter I highly recommend it as a serious, slightly long-winded, but overall enjoyable film.



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Easy credit results in hard times

Some students can't resist

By Darcy A. Copponi
Free Press
University of Southern Maine

When University of Southern Maine sophomore Carrie Heslton received her first credit card, she felt like she won the lottery.

"It just came in the mail one day, and I was like 'Yeeee-hahhhhh!'" she says. Carrie, then 19, bolted 10 steps to the nearest pay phone, activated the card and rushed to L. L. Bean.

With no money and no job, Carrie had filled out the credit card application in the campus center two months prior because her car tires were so old she needed the free tire gauge AT&T Universal offered.

She never thought she'd actually get the card.

"It felt like I found \$800 in the gutter to do with as I pleased," she says.

"I went nuts. It was like, 'Oh, I really love that dress, I have to have it. Oh, hey! I have a credit card!' Or, 'does anybody want to go to lunch? You don't have any money? Oh, hey! I have a credit card!' And, 'oh, I don't have any gas. Oh yeah! I have a credit card!'"

At first, Carrie kept track of what she was spending, but after awhile she said, "To hell with that." She says she lived only for the immediate gratification of material objects.

Meanwhile she moved from her dorm room and into an apartment, never informing AT&T of her new address. So she never paid a bill, never saw her monthly statement.

She figured she'd pay the bill with the money she made waitressing over the summer. But she says she wound up needing it for school because she didn't get the financial aid package she expected.

AT&T eventually found Carrie's parents and began calling them.

When her mom and dad found out Carrie was issued a credit card they were infuriated with AT&T—not Carrie—for issuing her the card in the first place.

When creditors finally tracked Carrie down, they began hounding her over the

phone. She's been threatened with bad credit, lawsuits and even jail time.

"They'll say anything to get the money out of you," she says. Her parents seemed the natural candidates to pay off Carrie's debt, but instead they're helping her to find other avenues, such as the Consumer Credit Counseling Services (CCCS) in Portland, which Carrie has tried. But when CCCS found she had no job, they dropped her.

Now Carrie's being sued for \$1,600—twice what she spent.

Attorney Peter Rodway of USM Student Legal Services says he sees students all the time who have credit card problems.

"Students are easily led to incur credit card debt when they have no income," he explains. It isn't illegal in Maine to issue credit to people who have no money, so students are being targeted, he said.

A recent mass marketing flyer put out to USM student organizations who need "easy fund-raising" strategies offers up to \$5 to student organizations for each credit card application filled out at a campus table.

Patty Puleo, administrative assistant at USM Student Life, says that credit card companies rent tables for \$25 a day to solicit students.

"I imagine that they expect their parents will pay for it [any charges]," Puleo reasons.

Rodway says parents are not legally responsible for their college student's debt, and that if debtors like Carrie are being badgered by a creditor, there's a Maine statute that can protect one from harassment. He further asserts that bad credit can be repaired, but that negative marks on a credit report can make it difficult to get credit in the future.

He and Carrie are working together on clearing up her legal problems.

Now Carrie says she is \$1,600 in debt, and all she has to show for it is the backpack she bought at L. L. Bean the day she got her credit card.

Carrie smiles, "It's a damn nice one, though."

Studying not directly related to good grades

By Nick Boutros
The Daily Collegian
Pennsylvania State University

STATE COLLEGE, Penn. — Is there enough time in the day or week for most Americans to do the things they enjoy, or are Americans spending more of their time in the workplace?

John Robinson, a member of the Department of Sociology at the University of Maryland and an expert on time use, had some surprising answers to these questions.

For example, Robinson said, there is no direct relationship between time spent studying and improved grades. But there is a relationship between time spent in class and improved grades.

In interviews recently, students expressed their views about this relationship.

"I think the more I spread out my studying, the better I do. I find the less I study the better I do, and the less I worry

about studying, the better I do," Candace Drewes (graduate-counselor education) said.

Anne Stants (senior-mechanical engineering) said that understanding the concepts she studies makes a difference in her grades, not the amount of time she spends studying.

"You either understand it or you don't," she said.

Robinson also said employees tend to overestimate the time they spend working.

"Employers records show fewer hours worked over the last couple of decades," Robinson said recently at a presentation in Buckhout Lab. People who estimate that they work 80 hours a week actually record working only 60 hours a week.

People who estimate working 40 hours a week are fairly accurate and actual diary figures show a decline in hours worked. Productive activity has declined about six hours a week, he said.

continued on page 8

Managing your plastic

Tips on using, not mis-using credit

By Colleen DeBaise
College Press Service

Easy credit has a double meaning for college students: it's easy to get... and it's easy to use.

According to the Roper CollegeTrack Financial Services study, 64 percent of college students have a credit card. Fifty-nine percent of these students have a general credit card, such as a Visa, MasterCard or American Express card, in their wallet.

But it's a way that these cards are managed that make all the difference.

Loren Schmerler, president of Bottom Line Management, offers advice to students on how to responsibly manage credit cards.

First, apply for a low line of credit, and make it a habit to pay off the monthly balance in full to avoid interest charges of 18 percent or more. "Don't get in the habit of just paying the minimum balance," he warned. "You will start to live beyond your means."

Also, never, ever miss a monthly payment. If you don't have the funds to pay even the minimum balance, call your creditor and explain your circumstances. Most creditors will work with people, such as accepting a smaller payment, if they're honest about their circumstances, Schmerler said.

A little embarrassment is a lot less painful than seven years of bad credit.

"Late payments become a part of your credit profile for seven years and are always reported even after you bring your account current," he said.

Students also should read the fine print carefully, because not all credit cards are the same. Find out if your card gives you a "grace period" or charges you interest from the date of the charge, Schmerler advises.

Also, most cards require payment of an annual fee; some have no annual fees but have other expensive charges. Weigh all the factors when choosing a card, he said.

More and more banks are offering a debit card, which acts like a plastic checkbook by subtracting a charge directly from a bank account.

But security problems arise with the

debit card. A thief can clean out "whatever you've got in your account," Schmerler cautioned. "The debit card is just a wide-open liability situation."

Also, as with ATM cards, people often forget to record purchases debited from their accounts and wind up bouncing checks. "A lot of people are lazy when it comes to that," he said.

Schmerler offers some advice for those who rely too heavily on credit cards when it comes to holiday shopping.

"Charging is heaviest at the holidays," he said. "If they're going to charge something, they should put a notation in their checkbook as if they've already spent the money. It's a trick to fool yourself into thinking you have less money than you do."

Finally, if all else fails...
If you lack the discipline to properly manage your credit cards, you may wish to turn them into frozen assets, suggests Dr. Barney Raffield, associate professor of management at Lebanon Valley College, Pa.

"Wrap the cards in foil, place them in a container of water and freeze them," Raffield said. "If you want to use the cards, you'll have to wait until they thaw out, since the foil wrap prevents you from using a microwave. That way you have some time to think about why you're making the purchase with credit cards."

Also, it's important for students to understand that credit cards should only be used in an emergency, rather than as a way to supplement a lifestyle, Raffield said.

"Don't use credit cards to purchase shirts or dresses because they are on sale," he said. "And never use them to fund a party."

If you're having trouble with making monthly payments, contact the National Foundation for Consumer credit at 1-800-388-2227. They'll give you some advice on budgeting or working out your debt problems.

Also, Bottom Line Management offers a 50-minute video specifically for students on "How to Establish and Maintain Good Credit." The tape can be purchased for \$19.95 by calling (404) 847-0103.

Tip the freezing man

By Ben A. Jorgenson
Utah Statesman
Utah State University

LOGAN, Utah—As a former employee of a local pizza delivery establishment and being privileged enough to contribute to this fine paper, I would like to impart some important information. Those of you who have already, or in the near future will be ordering pizza to be delivered to your particular place of residence, take note. Freshmen, please memorize. There will be a quiz. Have ready your No. 2 pencil.

Of course, when I say "pizza man" I do not mean to discriminate against the many worthy females who are employed in the industry; it's just easier to say "pizza man" than it is to say "pizza delivery person."

To get on with it, I'll begin with some

etiquette guidelines. First, when the delivery person comes to your door, have the money ready whether it be a check, or whether you are doling over cash. (Friends, they don't take American Express or even your new First USA Visa card.)

The pizza man does not have time to stand around and wait for you to dig for change or scrounge over your roommate. Just have it ready. It makes things go so much more smoothly.

Secondly, as per the headline above, TIP! It's not as painful as you might think. It might actually make you feel a bit charitable, even out of season. Now, whether it be \$1, \$5, or merely the extra change in your pocket left over from your latest shopping spree at Wal-Mart, just hand it right over. It's really for the best.

Why is it that we have no problem tip-

continued on page 8

One Step in the Journey

A tale for the holidays

By Ernestine Hayes
For the Whalesong

All wisdoms teach that the longest journey begins with a single step. Some philosophies go on to say that every step in the path is itself the path. Over the long path that is our life are many smaller paths that trace the depths and twists of the longer journey. On these smaller paths can be seen our footprints. Running alongside our own, we may see the smaller prints of a happy companion. We may perceive in this portion of our path, the whole journey.

My path began in an Indian village in Southeast Alaska where I learned stories that taught me that bears were my cousins and the wind was my grandfather. I had no sisters or brothers and few friends, but I had the wild plants that grew on the hill beside our old house, and the creek that led up the mountain behind me, and the seaweed and crabs dancing in the ocean channel at my feet. I never questioned that I was where I belonged.

When I was a teenager, my mother and I moved to California. The Santa Ana winds blew their hundred-degree discomfort, the streets crawled with beetles and cockroaches, radios blared, cars screeched, and I longed to be back home. After a few years I was living in San Francisco, still out of place, still disconcerted. I still longed for home.

After more years, I had moved to the Sierra Foothills. I tended my children and my garden, enjoyed thunderstorms and flowers, grew fresh vegetables, and listened to the flow of the river. But I was never comfortable living in that hot land. I never felt that I belonged there.

More years disappeared. My home fell apart, my children were gone. My possessions had all been lost or abandoned. The only thing I seemed to have left was a happy little mutt I had rescued from the dogpound three years before. I resolved that I would go back home or die on the way.

My mother had sworn never to return to Alaska and my sons were California boys, but I stuffed my pack with a change of clothes and a couple of books. In early July, I hitchhiked to the coast and retrieved my old red Chevy station wagon and my little mongrel companion in San Francisco.

I lived there in the Tenderloin working day jobs until I had a bankroll big enough to get me to the next town. In this manner I was determined to make it up the coast and home, living in my car most of the way.

In late September, I pulled into Eureka after driving all night, my dog snoozing at my side. This looked like a good place to spend the winter while I gathered another bankroll to make the next leg of my journey, to Seattle.

I found a food line that served every day. My dog was more often better fed than I. She made more friends and had more fun. Each day, she waited patiently outside while I cleaned my tray. Her new friends brought scraps, kitchen workers filled her plate. After each meal, we sat somewhere in town and waited for evening.

In October, we joined a fishing crew and went long-lining on an albacore boat. I saved enough money to make it to Seattle, but I wanted to wait in Eureka until after the holidays.

On Christmas Day the foghorns were the only sound I heard. There was no traffic, there were no voices, there was no music. The damp was uncomfortable and we stayed in the car until it was time to show up for the midday meal.

As I lingered over my Christmas turkey-on-a-tray, I recognized a few people standing in line for second helpings (not usually served) and it cheered me to think it was a special Christmas day treat today to have a second serving. When I went again to the front of the line, the server recognized me by the distinctive wrap I always wore. "No seconds until everyone else has firsts!" She snapped. I turned away empty-handed and hurt.

Others in the hall unwrapped small presents and called their holiday plans to one another. Festive smiles sparkled under the bright lights. Friendly laughter mixed with cheerful holiday tunes coming from the kitchen's radio. "Merry Christmas," someone told me. "Thank you," I smiled. "Merry Christmas to you."

I retrieved my happy dog, and we walked to a gazebo in the middle of downtown. We sat on a cold cement bench under the octagonal ceiling. The fog crept closer and thicker. The streets were empty. Everyone but me seemed to have somewhere to go this Christmas Day. My dog sat at my feet and watched my face for any sign of play. She wiggled her eyebrows and rolled her eyes. She licked my hand and nuzzled my knee. She shivered.

I had never seen fog move so deliberately nor seen streets so empty and lonely. I drew my wrap close around me, and gave my dog a kiss on her warm and caring face, and scratched her cheek. I missed my family and a warm place to go, the smell of cooking, lights and a ready bathroom. The foghorns kept grieving this day's weather, and its chill crept inside my bones. After a while, we walked to the car to wait for evening. On New Year's Day, we left for Seattle. Eventually we made it all the way back home to Alaska.

Of the many adventures my dog and I shared, that one Christmas Day has hardened itself into a metaphor of our journey. It represents the sacrifices we made and the cold that we felt. It stands for the loneliness and vulnerability we endured. It reminds me that I had a happy little companion along the way that walked beside me on my path.

More years have passed. I tend my mother's grave in the old family plot, and I walk by where I buried my dog in the village where my own path began. I wait for my sons to call or come home.

The gentle mountains embrace me, the channel is again at my feet. I hear the winter wind telling me things that only my grandfather knows. I contemplate my own footprints in a portion of my path, and, running alongside, I see the smaller prints of a happy companion. That step in the path has become, for me, the path itself.

Student poetry

"I Am"

By Levada Jo Johnson

I am a person who tells people things through my writing
But does anybody listen to my writing?
Other people are too busy talking while I listen.
I see What is going on around me and I want to get my opinion in
I am a person who tells people things through my writing.

I pretend people listen to me even though they don't
I strongly feel that people should listen to me
I get in touch with my opinions and feelings
I worry sometimes when people choose not to listen to my writing
I am a person who tells people things through my writing.

I understand people don't always listen to everything
I say my opinions through my writing
My dream is to have people listen to me and my opinions
I keep trying to get people to listen to me
My hope is to get my opinions in big conversations
I am a person who tells people things through my writing.

Do you hear me?
I keep saying things
But do they get through to you?
Am I speaking loud enough?
Does anybody hear me?
My ideas and opinions might help you
Please listen to what I have to say
I should give up
Nobody will listen
I am a person who tells people things through my writing.

The Whalesong welcomes poetry, artwork, and creative pieces. Submit them to our office downstairs in the Mourant building.

Studying...

continued from page 7

Robinson breaks time down into four types: productive, which includes paid work and commuting time; household family, which includes household chores, child care and shopping; personal care, which includes sleeping, eating and grooming; and free, which includes watching TV, reading, socializing, culture, fitness, religion, education, rest and travel.

These four classifications allow Robinson to look at time in a structured way.

Robinson collects his data by asking open-ended questions to randomly chosen people and having people write down their activities in the form of a daily diary.

The diary is broken down into 36 activities and starts by asking the question, "What did you do yesterday?"

The person begins the diary at midnight and logs his or her time usage for the next 24 hours.

Robinson's goal is to get people to fill out diaries for a week, but for now he has information only on a daily basis.

So how are Americans using their free time?

Robinson said most Americans use their free time watching TV. There has been some decrease in reading — mostly of newspapers — but an increase in reading books, magazines and the Internet.

Socializing has declined and is offset by telephone use. Time spent with sports and exercise has almost doubled since 1965, and time spent with religious activities has remained the same since 1965. Time spent at cultural and sporting events has declined slightly.

"Just as much time is spent with children (today) than 30 years ago," Robinson said.

To offset the amount of time women spend in the workforce, which is affecting their free

Freezing...

continued from page 7

ping someone who brings our order all the way from the kitchen to our table at a restaurant? Is it easier to hop in a car, navigate Logan, find an obscure address and keep the pizza steaming hot? Why does pizza delivery not merit the same generosity?

Contrary to prevailing opinion, tipping is considered kosher. It's just not cool to dis' the pizza man. That \$4.25 (to be amended soon to a whopping \$4.75!) an hour isn't going to cut it with all the miles they have to put on their vehicles driving around in Logan's inclement weather.

That's a lot of wear and tear my friends. They are doing you a service. Reward them as handsomely as you see fit, but do (and I'm not just making a friendly suggestion here, nor, concurrently, am I by any means issuing a threat,) pad the dolle. If not, you can expect the same half-smile and sigh you usually get from them. I mean, they're sincerely happy to do it, they would just appreciate, I'm sure, a little extra incentive to do it for another day.

And smile at them for heaven's sake. (Sorry, that cliché inadvertently, yet militantly, slipped out of the recesses of my finger tips.) They are just like you. Most of them are students themselves, just trying make a little extra cash to keep them in Noodle Roni and carrots until the next paltry check comes in. Then maybe, just maybe, they can afford to splurge on a functionable small-scale VCR to tape The Simpson's and Seinfeld on a daily basis. (Wait, that's me. Disregard that last part.)

Yes, and smile. Smile like there's no tomorrow. Smile as wide as the day is long. (Actually the days are getting shorter and shorter aren't they? Try smiling wider than the day is long. Now hold it. There, that should do.) Smile because you just received a fairly piping hot pizza with every topping you could afford to have them dish on, and it cost less than \$10. (Maybe that's a little generous, but follow me here — I'm still making a point, I think.) Smile because you did not have to leave your palatial apartment complex or subtletted hole-in-the-ground to get it. All you had to do was make a phone call, provide adequate directions to your place of residence, and, this is something that should never be left undone, turn your porchlight on and wait the 30 minutes or so (smiling still ever so patiently) until the pizza man pulls up with your order.

It's so simple folks. Let's not complicate things with unnecessary haggling over prices, toppings, and questions about fat grams. It's pizza! That wonderful Italian-originated feast of the gods. Enjoy!

time, they are getting married later, getting divorced earlier, and having fewer children, Robinson said.

"The bottom line — time is irrelevant. The people who are the busiest do more with their time," Robinson said.

UAS Classifieds

Help Wanted

Men/Women earn \$480 weekly assembling circuit boards/electronic components at home. Experience unnecessary, will train. Immediate openings your local area. Call 1-520-680-7891 EXT. C200.

Miscellaneous

STUDENT BIBLE STUDY: Monday 7:30-8:30, Egan Library, available study room, call Marlin @ 789-5725 for info.